Moderation

DISPLAY'D:

A

POEM.

———*Neq; tempore in ullo*
Esse queat duplici naturâ, & corpore bino
Ex alienigenis membris compacta potestas.

Lucret. lib. 5.

[Sheppard, Wm.]

By the Author of *Faction Display'd.*

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-fryars*, near the Water-side. 1709.

AC911.T99.S542

PREFACE.

AT a Time when we are Celebrating the Successes of our Arms Abroad and the Wisdom of our Counsils at Home; when there seems to be no room left for Complaints, and the Nation is only prepared to receive Panegyrick; I am sensible a Piece of this kind will be severely Censur'd. For those, that are taken up with the present appearances of Things, who are, by much the greatest part of the World, will be apt to say it is Unseasonable at least, if not False and Malicious. But, I hope, others who are not content with such superficial Views, (and to such only I wou'd write) will see the Reason and Truth of what I have said, and own that it could not be more Seasonably Utter'd than at this very Juncture, when we are lull'd with too much Security, and by that means may give Opportunity to a New Sett of Men to Ruin both Church and State with their New Politicks. But if this Poem came out with all the Advantages imaginable, I am not yet grown so Errant an Author, as to think because the First Part met with a favourable Reception, that I am now therefore Privileg'd to Dictate to the Reader's Judgment, and to ascribe to my own Merit what was only owing to his Candour, or perhaps Partiality. Be that the Business of DEDICATING POETS. I have no Ambition of gaining the Reputation of one. 'Tis the last Thing I should desire.

My Aim is of another sort, and I am abundantly Rewarded, if I have been able to Contribute any thing to the Publick Service, by Detecting the Principles and Practices of this New Party, who have Assum'd to themselves a very Specious Name and Character, and would be thought the only Patriots of their Country. But False Friends are the most Dangerous Enemies, and they are yet much more so, when they are Invested with Power, and the Ministration of Affairs wholly put into their Hands.

'Tis to be wish'd there were no Occasion for Invectives of this kind, that Great Men did always Execute their Trusts, and perform their Duty, and were only the Objects of our Esteem and Admiration. But when the Case is quite otherwise, when they become Treacherous and Betray the Authority Delegated to them; 'tis fit they shou'd hear of their Faults, and the People be undeceiv'd, who are grosly impos'd upon by the servile Flatteries of Hireling Scriblers. A Generation

of

of Animals, that always Infest the Doors of Men in Power; and tho' one wou'd think their Trash could never pass upon the Moderate, *the Grave, and the Wise, yet they are sometimes thought worthy of Pensions, and Places of* 1200 *l. a Year.*

It is indeed the just Prerogative of the Throne to be approach'd with Humility and Petitions, even where the Subjects have Grievances to Represent. But I know of no such Homage due to its Officers. Nor can I yet be convinced, that it is an Arrogant Presumption in private Persons (as some wou'd have it) to examine and censure the Actions of Publick Ministers, who (say they) being nearest the Helm, are consequently best able to judge of what ought, and ought not to be done; whereas Men in a Remote Sphere, and at a distance, cannot possibly enter into the Councils of State, and must therefore determine rashly, and without knowledge. This is a Doctrine necessary to be Preach'd up in Despotick and Arbitrary Governments, where all is Transacted in the Cabinet, where the Will and Choice of the Prince gives a Sanction to his Creatures, and cannot be controverted without Treason. But in a mixt and limited Monarchy, where the deepest Resorts of Policy and Turns of Government are in some measure known to Men of Rank and Condition, and where a right of Impeachment is lodged in the House of Commons, it can never be maintained; for that it wou'd destroy the Constitution, and render the Accusation of Great Officers, tho' never so Guilty, Impracticable. But I would not here be suppos'd to countenance that Scandalous Principle of Appealing to the Mob. *I leave such Maxims to the* Relations *and* Friends *of a* certain Lawyer, *who at the* Observator's *Tryal had the* Impudence (*as the* Attorney-General *very justly called it) to insinuate that* the Crown was in the Disposal of the People. *Nor wou'd I be thought in the least to detract from the Prerogative, which no Man living has in higher Veneration than my self. For I think it never violated but by a profligate abandon'd Nation, and I wish, for the Honour of the* English *Name, our Annals had Recorded no Instances of that kind.*

But after all this New-Moderation Policy *is not more pernicious and tending to the Destruction of the Government, than it is Absur'd and Ridiculous in it self. For how can Men of Understanding pretend to look Two Ways at once, to blow Hot and Cold, and fancy that every Body does not see thro' the pitiful Disguise and Artifice? They call themselves True Sons of the Church, and yet make no scruple of opposing a* Bill, *which is absolutely necessary for its Preservation; because forsooth it is offered at an unseasonable time; as if it was not as seasonable to make wholesom Laws, as to engage in a just and*

Honourable War for the Security of our Constitution; Can they hope for a better Opportunity than the Reign we now enjoy? They would be thought great Favourers of the Church Party, *when upon all Occasions they take care to Discountenance them, and Encourage only the* Profest Enemies *of Church and State, under a shallow Pretence, that they are a numerous and formidable Body of Men, and ought therefore to be preferr'd to Places of Honour and Profit, that they may not grow Mutinous and complain of* Persecution; *which methinks should rather be a strong Argument for using all possible Means to suppress such Turbulent Aspiring Spirits. Nay, so Tender are they of their* DISSENTING BRETHREN, *that I am told it has lately been deliver'd as Law by a* Great Man *in* W--------r-Hall, that a Notorious Perjur'd Vagabond, with Two Wives at once, being possess'd of a Separate Congregation, tho' without any Licence, or Legal Qualification to Preach to them, shall for that Reason only be exempt from the late Act for listing Vagrants. *I must confess I cannot imagine how they would define it, or what* Moderation *according to these Practices is. The* Logicians *have stated no* Medium *that I know of, between Truth and Falshood, nor the* Moralists *any between Virtue and Vice: Every Proposition and Principle must necessarily fall under one of these Heads.*

There is no need of a Prophetick Spirit to foresee, That they will render themselves Odious, and cannot Subsist long. I heartily Pity some young Gentlemen, who are unwarily drawn in; for they will find themselves Deceiv'd by their Crafty Leader, *and cannot expect to be receiv'd by their old Friends again. 'Tis much to be Lamented that a late* Great Character *Stain'd the latter part of his Life.------ but* De Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

I hope some Paragraphs in the close of his Poem will at least prove, that I have not writ with Partiality, but have equally commended Merit wherever I found it, without any regard to a Party.

Moderation

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DISPLAY'D.

AGain, my Muſe—Nor fear the ſteepy Flight,
Purſue the Fury thro' the Realms of Night;
Explore the Depth of Hell, the ſecret Cauſe,
Whence the New Scheme of *Moderation* roſe.

Now *Faction* re-aſſum'd her Native Throne,
Which proſtrate Fiends with awful Homage own.
A Crown of Eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a Blew Malignant Radiance round.
An Iron Scepter in her Hand ſhe bore,
Emblem of Vengeance and Deſtructive Pow'r.
A bloody Canopy hung o're her Head,
Where the *Four* falling *Empires* are pourtray'd.
Monarchs Depos'd beneath her foot-ſtool lie,
And all around is Hell and Anarchy.
Whilſt thus ſhe tow'ring ſat, the Subject Train
With Shouts proclaim'd the Triumphs of her Reign.
Then they the Chaos ſung, and Nature's Jars,
How the firſt Atoms urg'd their *Medley* Wars,
How Civil Diſcord and Inteſtine Rage
Have boil'd in ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age.
They ſung Divided *Albion*'s hapleſs State,
Her Claſhing Senate's Feuds, her lab'ring Church's Fate:

And as her coming Ruin they expreſt,
A ſullen Rapture ſwell'd in ev'ry Breaſt.
For ſuch the Bent of their Diſtorted Will,
Only to know Delight in Thoughts of ill.
But on a ſudden, Lo! deſcending flew,
A Meagre Ghoſt, which ſoon the Fury knew,
Cethego newly Dead, her Darling Pride,
Whoſe Firm Unwav'ring Faith ſhe long had try'd,
Long in her Secret Councils had retain'd,
By which her Empire o're our Iſle ſhe gain'd.
No ſooner was arriv'd the Welcome Gueſt,
But him in ſoothing Terms, ſhe thus addreſt:
Hail beſt Belov'd of all my Sons, Receive
What Praiſe, what Joy theſe Gloomy Realms can give;
For 'tis to thy Succeſsful Arts I owe
My Reign Above, my Triumph here below.
This ſaid, th' Unbodied Shade obſequious kneel'd,
Struck with Amazement, and with Rapture fill'd.
O Mighty Queen! permit me to Adore
Thy Awful Shrine, thy all Informing Pow'r,
Whoſe nearer Influence my Breaſt Inſpires
With Glorious Rage, and Miſchievous Deſires.
'Twas in Thy Cauſe I ſunk a mouldring Frame,
Unequal to the Hardy Task of Fame.
But ſtill my Mind releas'd from Mortal pains,
Her innate Faculty of Ill retains.
More he had ſaid, but the ſurrounding Throng,
Impatient of delay, purſu'd their Noiſy Song.

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her Thought
The mighty Change *Cethego*'s Death had wrought,
Reſolv'd at length to Summon to her Aid
Each plotting Devil, each Seditious Shade.
She gave the Signal, and a Dreadful Sound
Ran Bellowing thro' all th' Abyſs profound.

Then thus ſhe eas'd her anxious Soul——
O deareſt Friends! O faithful Miniſters!

Ye

Ye mutual Partners of my Joys and Cares,
New Ways, new Means my reſtleſs Thoughts imploy,
How *Albion* to reduce, her Peace deſtroy.
Long have I labour'd, but alas! in vain,
For now Succeeds the Heav'nly *Anna's* Reign;
Who watchful Guards a Stubborn People's Good,
By Fears not ſtagger'd, nor by Force ſubdu'd.
Such are the Gifts of her Capacious Mind,
Where Juſtice, Mercy, Piety are joyn'd.
As Motion, Light and Heat, combin'd in one,
Make up the Glorious Eſſence of the Sun.
But ſtill ſhe Mortal is, nor will I ceaſe,
Till my Revenge be Crown'd with wiſh'd Succeſs.
Firſt then, ſuppoſe we ſhou'd deveſt the Throne
Of Friends, whoſe Souls are kindred to her own,
Celſus Diſgrac'd, *Hortenſio* next appears,
Whoſe Vigilance ſtill Baffles all my Cares;
To whom by Right of Anceſtry belong
A Loyal Heart, and a perſwaſive Tongue.
Now Plots are form'd, and publick Tempeſts rowl,
He boaſts a ſtrong unſhaken Strength of Soul.
Fearleſs againſt her Foes the Church ſuſtains,
Alike their Friendſhip and their Hate diſdains,
Diſdains their Clamour and Seditious Noiſe,
Secure in the Applauding Senate's Voice.
Of Noble Stem, in whoſe *Collat'ral* Lines
Virtue with equal Force and Luſtre ſhines.
when *Suada* pleads, Succeſs attends the Cauſe,
Suada the Glory of the *Britiſh* Laws.
Not the Fam'd Orators of Old were heard
With more attentive Awe, more deep Regard,
When Thronging round them, their Charm'd Audience
On the attracting Muſick of their Tongue. [hung
Nor Hell to *Lælio* can her Praiſe refuſe,
Whoſe Worth deſerves his own recording Muſe;
Who in *Sophia's* Court, with juſt Applauſe,
Maintain'd his Sov'raign Rights, his Country's Cauſe.

For 'tis in him, with Anguish that I find
All the Endowments of a Gen'rous Mind,
Whate're is Great and Brave, whate're Refin'd
For 'tis in him Fame doubly does Commend
An Active Patriot, and a Faithful Friend.
Then from his near Attendance be remov'd
Urbano, tho' by All Admir'd and Lov'd;
Tho' his sweet Temper and obliging Port,
Become his Office, and Adorn the Court
He seems by Nature form'd Mankind to please,
So Free, so Unconstrain'd in his Address,
Improv'd by ev'ry Vertue, ev'ry Grace.
Senato too, who Bravely does deride
Sempronia's little Arts, and Female Pride;
Whose Lofty Look, and whose Majestick Mein
Confess the towring God-like Soul within.
A Speaker of unparallel'd Renown,
Long in the Senate, long in Council known.
Ally'd to *Celsus* by the Noblest Claim,
By the same Principles, by Worth the same.
Old as he is, still Firm his Heart remains,
And dauntless his declining Frame sustains.
So, pois'd on its own Base, the *Center* bears
The Nodding Fabrick of the Universe.

Be these, and such as these, discharg'd from Court,
The *Better Genii* that the Crown support.
Then in their stead, let *Mod'rate* Statesmen reign,
Practice their new pretended Golden Mean.
A Notion undefin'd in Virtue's Schools,
Unrecommended by her sacred Rules.
A Modern Coward Principle design'd
To stifle Justice, and unnerve the Mind.
A Trick by Knaves contriv'd, impos'd on Fools,
But Scorn'd by Patriot and Exalted Souls.
For *Mod'rate* Statesmen, like *Camelions* wear
A diff'rent Form in ev'ry diff'rent Air.

They ſtick at nothing to Secure their Ends,
Careſs their Enemies, betray their Friends.
Their Medley Temper, their Amphibious Mind
Is fraught with Principles of ev'ry kind,
Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,
Aſſert its Native Truth, and Energy;
As the four Elements ſo blended were
In their firſt Chaos, ſo united there,
That ſince they ne're could fully be disjoyn'd,
Each retains ſomething of each other's Kind.
Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,
But ſtill in both ſome Atoms are the ſame.

Let *Jano*, ſecond of his Trimming Band,
Next to *Volpone* deck'd with Honours ſtand.
Like him for ſecret Policy Renown'd,
Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning crown'd.
None better can the Jarring Senate guide,
Or lure the *Flying Camp* to either ſide.
Of an invet'rate old Fanatick Race,
Of Canting Parents, ſprung this Child of Grace.
In Show a *Tory*, but a *Whig* in Heart,
For Saints may ſafely act the Sinner's part.
Once he was ours, and will be ours again,
For Art to ſtifle Nature ſtrives in vain,
For ev'ry thing, when from its *Center* born,
Still thither tends, ſtill thither will return.
Let him with theſe Accompliſhments ſupply
Hortenſio's ſteddy Faith, and Loyalty.
Bruchus, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,
Shall wear *Urbano's* Key, his Poſt diſgrace.
A worthy Son, in whom collected ſhine
The Follies of his Mad and Ideot Line.
Lord of the woful Countenance, whoſe Skin
Seems ſear'd without, and putrify'd within.
A Dapper Animal, whoſe Pigmy Size
Provokes the Ladies Scorn, and mocks their Eyes.

But Balls and Muſick are his greateſt Care,
So willing is the Wretch to pleaſe the Fair.
'Tis ſtrange, that Men, what Nature has deny'd,
Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.
Let *Britono*, who from the Parent Moon
Derives his *Welſh* Deſcent directly down,
Succeed *Senato* in his High Command,
And bear the Staff of Honour in his Hand.
A flutt'ring empty Fop, that ev'ry Night,
Sits Laughing loud, and Jeſting in the Pit,
Whilſt a ſurrounding Croud of Whores and Bawds,
His ſprightly Converſe, and his Wit applauds.
An Atlas proper to ſuſtain the Weight
Of an Incumber'd and declining State.
Let theſe, as Uſeful Tools, a while poſſeſs
The Court Preferments, and Indulge their Eaſe,
But they ſhall fly, like Miſts, before the Sun,
When my Deſigns to full Perfection grown,
Exert their Pow'r, and make the ruin'd World my own.

When thus the Fury had her Scheme diſplay'd,
Aſſenting Hell a low Obeiſance paid.

Moloch, Protector of the *Papal Chair*,
Author of the Maſſacres and Chriſtian War,
Was now Convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws
Could nere the *Reformation*'s Growth oppoſe,
Could nere in *Albion*'s Church advance his Cauſe.
He therefore, urg'd with his old conſtant Hate,
By *Mod'rate* Means conſents to work her Fate.
He finds how ſoon by *Toleration*'s Aid,
Her Pow'r is weaken'd, and her Rights Betray'd.
Nor doubts *Occaſional Conformity*
Will by degrees her Eſſence quite deſtroy.
Then *Satan*, Prince of the *Fanatick* Train,
Who form'd the Conduct of their *Glorious* Reign.
Approve the Scheme, not hoping to Reſtore
His Subjects to their late unbounded Pow'r.

For

For well he knew, their Avarice and Pride
Had wean'd the Bankrupt Nation from their side.
But these Auspicious *Moderation* Times,
By not Detecting, Sanctify their Crimes,
By Baffling Justice, and eluding Law,
Make Vice insult, and Sin Triumphant grow.
Nay such th' Effects of *Moderation* are,
The Guilty to Reward, as well as Spare.
Hence Foes to Prelacy are Clad in Lawn,
Hence Rebels are the Fav'rites of the Throne.
What could they more desire, than thus to pass
The blest Remainder of their happy Days,
Fatted with Plunder, and dissolv'd in Ease?
Nor *Belial*, th' *Atheist*'s Patron could Complain,
For *Moderation* would enlarge his Reign,
Where all unpunish'd Talk and live Profane.
Where Irreligion Providence denies,
Nor dreads the Laws of Earth, nor Thunder of the Skies.
Mammon, the *Traders* and the *Courtier*'s God,
No sooner heard the Project but allow'd;
For hence his two Vot'ries uncontroul'd might live,
And endless Frauds commit, and endless Bribes receive.
But most *Cethego* the Design approves,
Who dead and Living in *Mæander*'s moves.
He knew how he deluded hapless *James*,
By the same wily Arts, and subtle Schemes.
Proposes then, that he alone be sent,
To execute the Fury's New Intent.

When he had ended, thus she soon replies,
Blest be the Shade, that can so well advise,
On thee thy Goddess smiles, on thee relies.
Fly, nimbly to thy Native Soil repair,
Urge and Inforce the well form'd Council there.
Occasion favours, the *Cabal* is met
At thy own Mansion, thy belov'd Retreat,
The Muses Darling Theam, the Graces Seat.

There

There *Clodio*'s and *Sigillo*'s anxious Thoughts,
Are brooding o're *Imaginary Plots*:
Whilſt *Bibliopolo* with his awkard Jeſts
Deſerves his Dinner, and diverts the Gueſts.
Bathillo, in his own unborrow'd Strains,
Young *Sachariſſa*'s Angel Form profanes:
Whilſt her dull Husband, ſenſleſs of her Charms,
Lies lumpiſh in her ſoft encircling Arms.
For he to Wiſdom makes a Grave Pretence,
But wants alas! his Father's Depth of Senſe.
Howere, ſupplying all Defects of Wit,
He ſhews a true Fanatick Zeal and Heat.

She ſpoke——the Spectre in a moment gains
Altropia's Balmy Air, and Flowry Plains.
At his approach the Dome's Foundation ſhook,
When 'midſt their Revels ruſhing in he broke.
Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoak, awhile he ſtood,
Seeming at diſtance an unſhapen Cloud.
But ſoon, the Cloud aſcending to the Skies,
He manifeſt was ſeen before their Eyes.
Horror and Guilt ſhook ev'ry Conſcious Breaſt,
But *Bibliopolo* moſt his Fears expreſt,
Fainting he tumbled——Paſs we ore the reſt.
Clodio alone fixt and unmov'd appear'd,
And what the Phantom ſaid undaunted heard.
Forbear, my Friends, your Hot purſuits reſtrain,
Behold your lov'd *Cethego* once again.
From *Faction*'s dark unbottom'd Cell I come,
Fraught with *Britannia*'s Fate, and final Doom.
For, Meditating Vengeance in her Mind,
At length a Finiſh'd Plan ſhe has deſign'd.
Nor doubts by *Mod'rate* Methods to obtain,
What ſhe by rougher Arts has fought in vain,
That *Whigs* ſhould Triumph in a *Tory* Reign.

Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell
What *Faction* had before reveal'd in Hell.

Clodio

Clodio was Raptur'd, and in Terms like these,
His Joy and Approbation did express.
Since thy *Divided State* permits, be thou
As once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.
Give us to execute this Grand Design,
Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.
Attempts that often Baffle Human Care,
By aiding Spirits soon effected are;
Their Knowledge in immediate *Intuition* lies,
Nor does, like ours, from long Deduction rise.

Pleas'd with this Answer, the retiring Ghost
Condens'd the ambient Air, and in a Cloud was lost.

Here cease thy Satyr, Muse, and from thy Tongue
To louder Numbers and Heroick Song:
Here Celebrate, unbyas'd as thou art,
The Triumphs of *Sempronia's* other Part,
Nor let her Stain the Hero's High Desert.

Now the *Imperial Eagle* hung her Head,
Drooping she Mourn'd her wonted *Thunder* fled,
Now was she fitted for a foreign Yoke,
Her Sceptre nodded, her Dominion shook.
Such was the tott'ring State of Ancient *Rome*,
When Conqu'ring *Hannibal* pronounc'd her Doom,
When yet the fatal *Capua* was unknown,
That blasted all the Laurels *Cannæ* won.
Where shall she Succour seek? Or whither fly?
Shall she for ever in Confusion lie?
Shall the first Kingdom of the *Christian World*
Be un-reliev'd in endless Ruine hurl'd?
Not so? her Aid Auspicious *Anna* brings,
Anna the Angel of unhappy Kings.
She sends *Camillo* with an *English Force*,
To stem the Ravaging *Invader's* Course.
France and *Bavaria* now in vain Combine,
In vain their Fierce unnumber'd Legions joyn,

In

In vain the Thunderbolts of War oppose:
Eugenio and *Camillo* are their Foes.
Like *Cæsar*, both for Stratagems Renown'd,
Like *Alexander*, both with Martial Fury crown'd.

At length the Great Decisive Day drew near,
On which alone depended all the War.
At length the Fight began, the Canon roar'd,
Nor knew *the Empire* yet her Sov'reign Lord.
But soon *Camillo* with resistless Arms,
With doubled Rage, the Hostile Troops alarms.
The Troops, that thought no Valour match'd their own
Till *English* Courage bore them headlong down.
Before his Conqu'ring Sword they Vanquish'd fly,
Or in the Field, or in the *Danube* die.
The *Danube* reeking ran a Purple Flood,
Swell'd and distain'd with Deluges of Blood.
O were I Poet equal to thy Theam!
The *Future World* should wond'ring read this Stream;
Where many Thousand Warriors more were slain,
Or than on *Xanthus* Banks, or the *Pharsalian* Plain:
Tho' these to all Exploits are far preferr'd,
One by the *Grecian*, one the *Roman* Bard.
Hence is the *Empire* to it self restor'd,
Revolting Nations Recognize the Lord.
Lewis no more shall God-like Titles Claim,
Nor *Europe* aw'd and Trembling dread his Name.
Hence a new Scene of Happiness appears,
A long Successive Train of Golden Years.
So sav'd *Demetrius* the *Athenian State*,
Oppress'd by Foes, and sunk with adverse Fate.
No sooner was the Bloody Battle won,
But all his Fame with Adoration own;
But on the mighty Victor they bestow'd,
The Sacred Stile and Honours of a God.
But tho' no Altars we profanely raise,
But tho' a less, we pay a juster Praise,

All but the Blind Idolatry intend,
Which ridicules the Glorious Worth it would commend.

When with his *Eaſtern* Spoils, returning home,
Auguſtus enter'd his applauding *Rome*,
Virgil and *Horace* waited on his Fame,
Glad to record the Muſes Patron's Name;
And well could they in everliving Strains,
Deſcribe his Triumphs, and Reward his Pains.
But Modern Heroes, tho' as truly Brave
As thoſe of Old, not equal Poets have.
No *Virgils* now, nor *Horaces* to raiſe
Trophies proportion'd to their Deathleſs praiſe.
An *Addiſon* perhaps, or *Tate* may write;
Volpone pays them for their *Venal* Wit.
But ſince my Muſe, warm'd with a *Gen'rous* Flame,
Unbrib'd would eternize *Camillo*'s Name;
Let him accept ſuch Homage as ſhe brings,
Nor think that wholly uninſpir'd ſhe Sings.

But, Goddeſs, ſtill one Labour more remains,
Still *Nereo* claims thy Tributary Strains;
Tune thy Harmonious Voice to *Nereo*'s Praiſe,
A Subject pregnant with immortal Lays.
'Tis he extends the Heav'nly *Anna*'s Reign,
High as the Stars, unbounded as the main.
'Tis he, whoſe Valour the *Batavian* Wars
Inur'd to Glory, from his greener Years.
'Tis he *Le Hogue*'s oppoſing Ord'nance bore,
Nor fear'd the Lightnings blaſts, nor Thunders roar.
'Tis He, with *Scipio* Darling of our Iſle,
From vanquiſh'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* Spoil.
'Tis He the *Streights Defence* ſo lately ſtorm'd,
A Town by Nature fortify'd and arm'd.
'Tis He, unequal far in force, o'recame
A Fleet ſecure of Conqueſt and of Fame,
A Fleet by vaſt Expence for Fight prepar'd,
At once the *Spaniards* Terror and their Guard.

For what can *English* Bravery withstand,
When *Nereo* or *Camillo* do Command?
It Vindicates the Sea, and Triumphs ore the Land.
'Tis He Detraction's Baleful Breath has born,
But with a Noble and Heroick Scorn.
For let his Foes this just Monition have,
Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave.
So *Aristides* long with Malice strove,
Nor could his Virtue win a Factious Peoples Love.

FINIS.